His drumming heart cheares vp his burning eye,
His eye commends the leading to his hand;
His hand as proud of ſuch a dignitie,
Smoaking with pride, marcht on, to make his ſtand
On her bare breſt, the heart of all her land;
VVhoſe ranks of blew vains as his hand did ſcale.
Left their round turrets deſtitute and pale.

They muſtring to the quiet Cabinet,
VVhere their deare gouerneſſe and ladie lies,
Do tell her ſhee is dreadfullie beſet,
And fright her with confuſion of their cries.
Shee much amaz'd breakes ope her lockt vp eyes,
VVho peeping foorth this tumult to behold,
Are by his flaming torch dim'd and controld.

Imagine her as one in dead of night,
From forth dull ſleepe by dreadfull fancie waking,
That thinkes ſhee hath beheld ſome gaſtlie ſprite,
VVhoſe grim aſpect ſets euerie ioint a ſhaking,
VVhat terror tis: but ſhee in worſer taking,
From ſleepe diſturbed, heedfullie doth view
The ſight which makes ſuppoſed terror trew.





VVrapt and confounded in a thouſand f
Like to a new kild bird ſhee trembling li
Shee dares not looke, yet winking there
Quicke-ſhifting Antiques vglie in her ey
"Such ſhadowes are the weake-brains fo
VVho angrie that the eyes flie from t
In darknes daunts thē with more drea

His hand that yet remaines vppon her b
(Rude Ram to batter ſuch an Iuorie wal
May feele her heart (poore Cittizen) diſ
VVounding it ſelfe to death, riſe vp and
Beating her bulke, that his hand ſhakes v
This moues in him more rage and lef
To make the breach and enter this ſw

Firſt like a Trompet doth his tongue beg
To ſound a parlie to his heartleſſe foe,
VVho ore the white ſheet peers her whit
The reaſon of this raſh allarme to know,
VVhich he by dum demeanor ſeekes to
But ſhee with vehement prayers vrge
Vnder what colour he commits this il